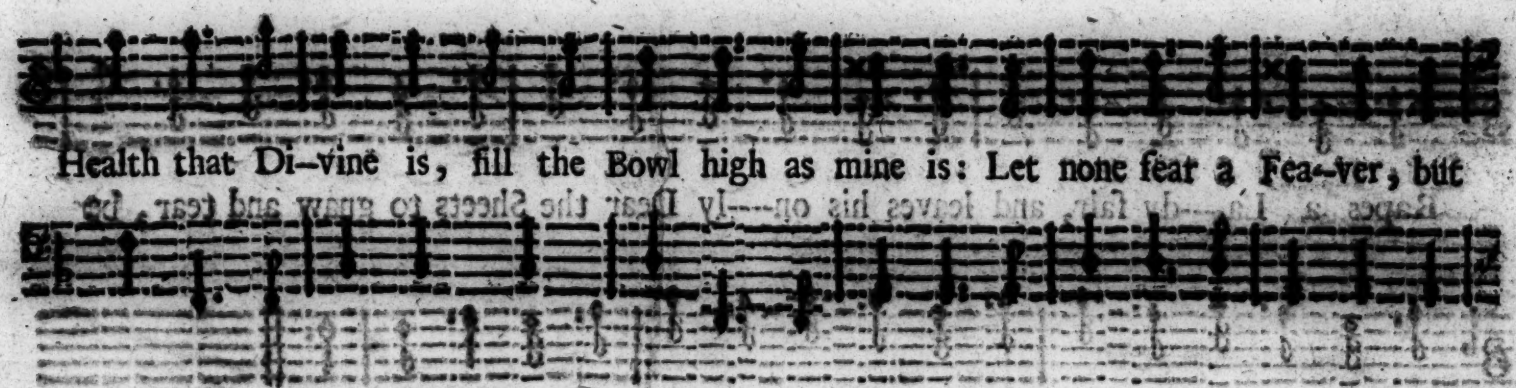
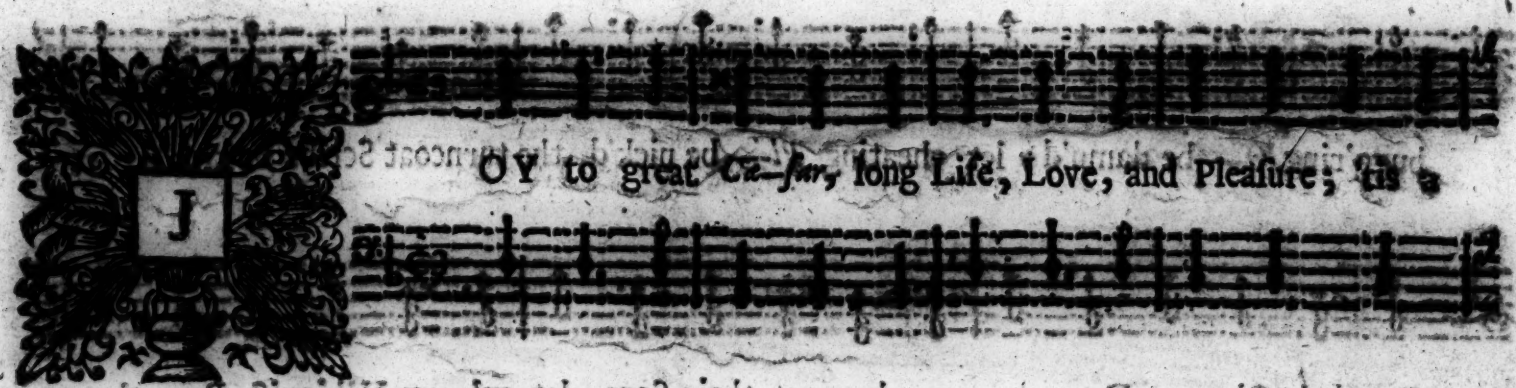


THE
KING'S HEALTH:
SET TO
FARRINEL'S GROUND
IN

SIX STRAINS.



Second Strain.



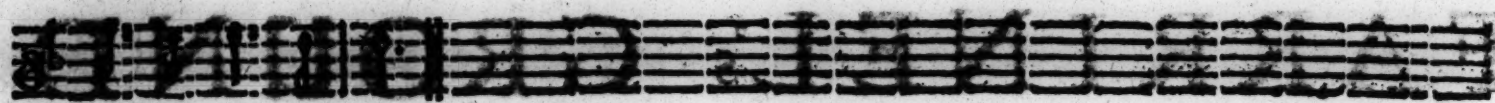
TRY all the Loy-al, de-fy all, give de-ni-al; sure none thinks the Glafs too



big here, nor a—ny *Prig* here, or breaking *Whig* here, of Cripple *Tony's* Crew, that

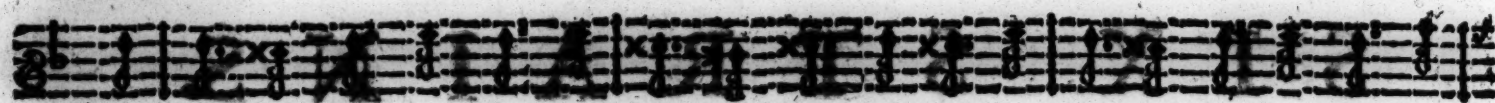


now looks blew, his Heart akes too, the Tap wo'n't do, his Zeal so true, and Projects new, ill

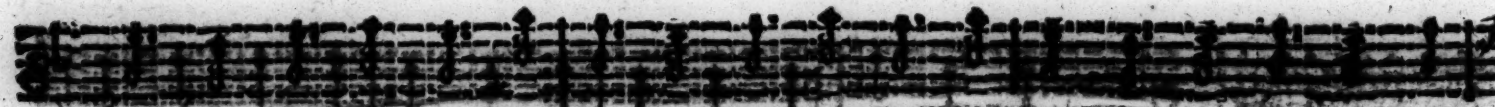


Fate does now pursue.

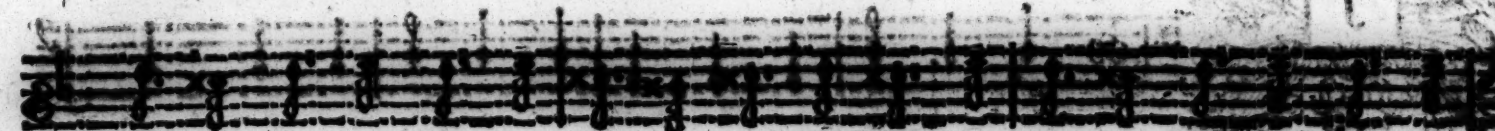
Third Strain.



LET *Tories* guard the King, let *Whigs* in Halters swing; let *Pilk*— and *Sh*— be sham'd, let



bugg'ring *O*— be damn'd; let cheating *Pl*— be nick'd, the turncoat Scribe be kick'd; let



Re—bel Ci—ty Dons ne—ver be—get their Sons; let ev'—ry Whiggish Peer that



Rapes a La—dy fair, and leaves his on—ly Dear the Sheets to gnaw and tear, be



turn his Land t'attone the grand Affair.

Fourth Strain.



Great Charles, like Je—ho—vah, spares Foes would unking him, and warms with his Gra—ces the

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Vi-pers that sting him; 'till crown'd with just An-ger the Re-bels he sei-zes: Thus



Hea-ven can Thunder when e-ver it pleases.

Figg.

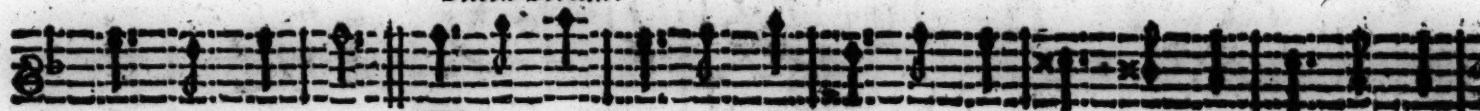


T Hen to the Duke fill, fill up the Glas, the Son of our Martyr, be-lov'd of the

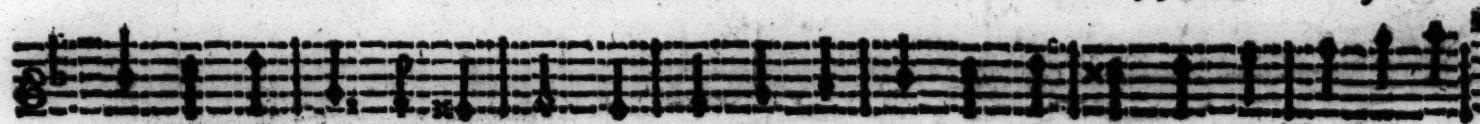


King: En-vy'd and lov'd, yet blest'd from a-bove, se-cur'd by an An-gel safe

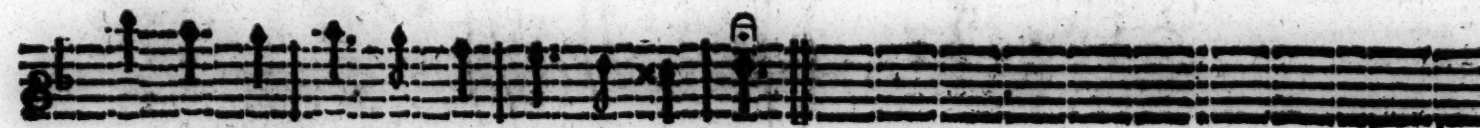
Sixth Strain.



un-der his Wing. F Action and Folly, and State-Me-lan-cho-ly, with To-ny in



Whigland for e-ver shall dwell; let Wit, Wine, and Beauty, then teach us our Duty, for



none e're can love, or be wise and re-bel.

L O N D O N;

Printed for Joseph Hindmarsh, at the Black Bull in Cornhill, 1682.

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